

H Y M N S
O F
THANKSGIVING
TO THE
REDEEMER.

PSALM LXVI. 16.

COME AND HEAR, ALL YE THAT FEAR
GOD, AND I WILL DECLARE WHAT HE
HATH DONE FOR MY SOUL.

L O N D O N :

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T O T H E
R E A D E R.

THE following HYMNS are written by one who, after having tasted sweetly of the redeeming love of God in Christ, was by the fatherly correcting love of God, cast a second time into darkness and despondency; thought all their experience a delusion: but the Lord having graciously removed the eclipse, the Sun of righteousness being arisen on their soul, with healing in his wings, their faith was built stronger. Then ever praise the Lord with joyful lips.

The hymns are made public, with an intent to comfort any poor soul who may be in the state she lately was in, and to give glory to God their Saviour, by setting forth the great things he hath done for their soul, "to God who so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believed on him should not perish but have everlasting life." To him who hath loved us, and washed us in his blood, be glory, thanksgiving, and eternal praise. Amen.

H Y M N S

O F

THANKSGIVING.

H Y M N I.

- 1 **N**OW may the Spirit us inspire
To sing with notes divine :
Do thou prepare our Hearts, O Lord,
And all our mirth refine.
- 2 In vain we lift our feeble voice,
In vain attempt to praise :
Unless thou move us to-rejoice,
And thou inspire our lays.
- 3 Our Hallelujahs all anoint,
And then they will ascend ;
Then will our Father, God above,
His ear most gracious bend :
- 4 Then will our Shepherd most divine
His flock with pleasure hear ;
The Sun of Righteousness will shine,
Each drooping heart to chear.
- 5 Accept

- 5 Accept, O Lord, of our desire
 To praise thy holy name ;
 We long to sing redeeming love,
 And publish Jesus' fame.
- 6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Our souls aspire to sing,
 To own that Christ did die for us,
 Acknowledge him our King.
- 7 O come, ye faints, and join with me,
 Sing Hallelujahs sweet !
 Since if sincere we seek the Lord,
 Our souls he'll surely meet.
-

H Y M N II.

- 1 **S**ING ye unto the Lord our God
 A new rejoicing song ;
 And let the praises of his Son
 Be heard his saints among.
- 2 Let Israel rejoice in God,
 As their Redeemer blest ;
~~And let the Seed of Zion find~~
 That Jesus is their rest.
- 3 In Christ their King most joyful be,
 Whom they with thorns have crown'd,
 Whose side they pierc'd with soldier's spear,
 His hands and feet did wound :
- 4 O let them find that Jesus Christ
 Pray'd not to God in vain,
 When for the murd'ring Jews he pray'd,
 In agony of pain.

- 5 For those who did him crucify,
Divinely did he pray,
Father, forgive them, Jesus said,
Through blindness they do stray.
 - 6 If thus our blest Redeemer pray'd,
Who never pray'd in vain;
Shall man his fellow creature doom
To hell's eternal pain?
 - 7 Remove the blindness of those men
Who God a tyrant deem;
And lessen Jesus' ransom great,
Themselves th' elect esteem.
 - 8 God's word declares him merciful,
The Father, kind of all;
Would not that any perish should,
Christ has restor'd the fall.
-

H Y M N III.

Morning Hymn for a Child.

- 1 **N**OW that the sun again appears,
O let me joyful rise,
And after I have said my pray'rs,
My eyes lift to the skies!
- 2 The glorious sun-beams to behold,
That edge the clouds with gold;
The great Creator then adore
For mercies manifold.

3 But

- 3 But whose the Sun of Righteousness,
 With healing in his wings?
 'Tis Christ, my Brother, Son of God,
 Who the salvation brings :
- 4 Ordain'd for us and all mankind,
 By our Father, God above ;
 Who if we honour parents here,
 In heav'n will us approve.
-

H Y M N IV.

Evening Hymn for a Child.

- 1 **H**OW sweetly the sun now appears in
 the West,
 How fragrant the scent of each flow'r ;
 Our gracious Creator sure ought to be blest,
 His praise we should sing ev'ry hour.
- 2 The birds how they warble, God tuneth
 their note,
 His breatt 'tis he filleth with love.
 My heart it now burns with desire most
 sweet,
 To praise my Creator above.
- 3 But my heart, O my brother, more grateful
 would be
 To Christ who has saved my soul,
 My pardon procur'd for the lyes I have told,
 His stripes, brother, maketh us whole :

4 'Tis

'Tis he gives us grace to take heed to the
truth,
And to pity the poor man's distress ;
Then before I lay down to my God will I
sing,
And my gracious Redeemer I'll bless.

H Y M N V.

- 1 **B**LOW the trumpet, strike the lute,
Let th' violin's sharper string
Too be touched ; breath ye the flute
While your voice Christ's praise shall
sing.
- 2 Young men and maids, ye silver hair'd,
Ancient men, your music bring ;
Holy matrons be prepared,
God incarnate's praise to sing.
- 3 In the graceful dance him praise,
And your Maker's fame declare ;
Every motion with sweet grace,
And with godly heav'nly air.
- 4 To the heart speak well his praise,
Full with joy the heart shall bound ;
Move with sweet and heav'nly grace,
Praise God with seraphic sound.
- 5 All his creatures spread his fame,
Sun and moon, and stars so bright ;
Let each ray declare his name,
Praise his name who gave you light.

6 Sweetest

6 Sweetest star that ever shone,
That which did to Bethl'hem lead ;
Where in flesh was born God's Son,
Born was for our sake to bleed :

7 But by dying conqu'ed He
Sin, and death, and hell, and all ;
He has set the captive free,
Jesus ~~He~~ has restored the fall.

8 As in Adam all men die,
So in Christ we're made alive ;
All anew in Jesus born,
In second Adam we revive.

9 Chosen witnesses below,
Who for Christ shall bear the cross ;
Shall with greater lustre glow,
Shine with more illustrious gloss.

H Y M N VI.

1 **O** MY soul, thy God attend,
'Till his Spirit he shall send :
Praises will unpleasing prove,
If anointed not with love :

2 Love more pure than chrystal stream,
Or the noon day sun's bright beam,
Sweeter than the fragrant rose,
Which doth fairest bloom disclose ;

3 Or the valley's lily white,
Whose sweet scent doth give delight :
Let my soul attentive sit,
Like blest Mary at the feet

- 4 Of my God and Saviour dear,
Word of wisdom for to hear :
Martha in me do I find,
Unto worldly care inclin'd :
 - 5 O rebuke her, gracious Lord,
With thy mild and gentle word,
Let me not encumber'd be
When I should attend on thee.
 - 6 Heav'nly Shepherd let me find
Pasture from each weed refin'd :
Living water let me taste,
Love seraphic, pure and chaste.
 - 7 Tenderer love my soul would know,
Than doth in the seraph glow ;
Thou for seraphim ne'er dy'd,
Not for them was pierc'd thy side.
 - 8 No fallen man the deepest love
Doth of his Creator prove :
Then, my brethren, join with me,
Sing with grateful melody.
-

H Y M N VII.

- 1 COME, believers, come and hear,
Words so sweet thy soul shall chear :
I with thee will make abode,
Thus saith Christ th' incarnate God.

2 You

- 2 You, within your peaceful mind,
God the Father's love shall find :
Who sees Christ the Father sees,
Who from sin and sorrow frees.
 - 3 Tho' his presence he withdraws,
For transgression of his laws ;
'Tis a moment in his sight,
And day will succeed the night.
 - 4 The eclipse will sure remove,
Sweeter shine with beams of love.
The blest Sun of Righteousness,
Brighter shine thy soul to bless.
-

H Y M N VIII.

- 1 **I**N Hallelujahs lift your voice,
Ye ransom'd race of men ;
To praise God touch each tuneful string,
And move your thankful pen.
- 2 In strains melodious join to sing
Your great Creator's praise ;
Creator and Redeemer too,
May he inspire your lays.
- 3 Your God who manifested is
As the mysterious Three ;
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Who hath redeemed thee.
- 4 The Father gave, the Son resign'd
Himself to bitter death ;
The Holy Spirit thee inspires,
Praise God then whilst you've breath.

Praise God, unto the Jews declar'd,
To be th'eternal One :
To christians as the Father known,
And seen in Christ his Son.

H Y M N IX.

- 1 **S** OON as the rosy morn appears
I'll praise my gracious God ;
At noon-day will lift up my voice
To sing redeeming blood :
 - 2 And when the glorious Sun shall sit,
Of dying-love I'll tell ;
How Jesus left his throne above,
And came on earth to dwell :
 - 3 How he on wings of love did fly,
With men to make abode :
With joy I'll sing the mystery
Of an incarnate God.
 - 4 At midnight, now not dark to me,
Since I have inward light ;
I'll praise my dear Redeemer's name
With heav'nly sweet delight.
-

H Y M N X.

- 1 **O** Make me pure in heart, my God,
That I thy face may see ;
Who has redeem'd my soul from death,
From sin has set me free.

2 O make

- 2 O make me merciful, my God,
Since I have mercy found ;
O let me feel my brother's woe,
And bleed for others wound.
 - 3 Be ready oil and wine to pour,
Their smarting wound to heal ;
Rejoice in ev'ry christian's good,
Their godly pleasures feel.
-

H Y M N XI.

- 1 **A**LL who love our Lord in deed,
Know that for them he did bleed ;
All his children love likewise,
Who his Brother doth despise ;
 - 2 'Cause he's in a low estate,
In his Brother Christ doth hate ;
Ev'ry man of ev'ry nation,
Ev'ry form of ev'ry station,
 - 3 Who doth truly love their Saviour,
Christians love and show them favour :
Catholics, tho' they may err,
And with me they may differ ;
 - 4 If they Christ God's Son do own,
Author of our salvation ;
Them I will place in my heart,
Act toward them a christian part :
- 5 Courteous

- 5 Courteous to the stranger be,
Show that I belong to thee :
Jesus, Saviour, blest of all,
With one voice then let us call,
- 6 English, French, the Portugueze,
Whom our Saviour hath set free ;
Hollander, and those from Spain,
Join ye in a grateful strain,
- 7 For to sing the praise of God,
Who's redeem'd us by the blood
Of his Son ; then all agree,
Brethren, love in unity ;
One sweet Hallelujah sing
To your Saviour, God, and King.
- Hallelujah !
-

H. Y M N XII.

- 1 **H**ELP me, Saviour, for to sing,
Christ, of thee, my God and King ;
To the world I fain would tell,
Thou hast sav'd my soul from hell.
- 2 I the fruit forbad had eat,
Tasted the sweet direful treat ;
I seduc'd by satan was,
'The transgressor of God's laws.

B

3 Dar'd

- 3 Dar'd no more my God to see,
Vision no more sweet to me ;
Struck with shame myself I saw,
Once so fair without a flaw ;
- 4 Now of nakedness asham'd,
And with sense of sin inflam'd,
From God's countenance so sweet,
Sought, thro' shame, a sad retreat :
- 5 Thorns within, without sprung up,
Sin imbitter'd all my cup ;
Tears and groans throughout the night,
Fill'd the Hours depriv'd of light :
- 6 When the once glad morn arose,
Rising sun beheld my woes ;
Jesus saw, with pity'ng eye,
Me, his spouse, in sin to lie.
- 7 Sorrow, consequence of sin,
Me surround and close within ;
He who made me for his bride,
Took my form, and for me dy'd.
- 8 All God's law obey'd for me,
Then he bled upon the tree ;
He the cross for me endur'd,
Me restor'd, my heav'n secur'd :
- 9 Cloath'd me with his righteousness,
No more shame doth me oppress ;
Clean from sin, my God I view,
Who in Christ doth me renew.

H Y M N XIII.

1 **W**HAT beauteous scenes by faith I see,
 See Jesus Christ the Vine ;
 Believers, as the branches blest,
 O be the portion mine !

2 A branch of that blest Vine to be,
 And faith, the fruit I bear,
 Productive of good works, which shall
 Abroad my faith declare.

3 May the same Spirit, which in Christ,
 The Son of God did dwell,
 The living Vine from him proceed
 To me a branch right well.

4 Sweet godly fruit then shall I bear,
 While the great God above,
 The heav'nly Husbandman, shall purge
 My heart with tender love.

5 Not like a foolish father, spare
 The rod to spoil the child :
 O purge me, heav'nly Husbandman,
 'Till I am meek and mild !

6 All pride, and malice, envy, hate,
 Lord purge from me away :
 Prepare my soul for to receive
 The bright, but gentle ray

7 Of the pure Sun of Righteousness,
 Which shines with beams of love ;
 A Love divine, the world don't know,
 Descending from above.

H Y M N XIV.

“ God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace
“ to the humble.”

- 1 **I**F thou, our Father, God above,
Shall grant to me the grace,
A lively faith in thee to have,
Behold thee in the face
- 2 Of thy anointed Son belov'd ;
And God in Christ shall see
A thing to prudent men unknown,
Incarnate Deity.
- 3 Reduc'd by thee to be a babe,
As such my God to find ;
Who sent his only Son to be
The Saviour of mankind.
- 4 And this blest faith shall work in me,
Ev'n great good works to do ;
O grant me humbly for to walk,
Since I believe it true.
- 5 That thou the proud man doth resist,
The humble doth approve ;
From thee my works I all receive,
My faith, my godly love.
- 6 O turn thou not thy face away,
My Saviour from my soul ;
Who came in sweet humility,
To make each sinner whole !

HYMN

H Y M N XV.

- 1 **Y**IELD unto God, the mighty Lord,
Praise in his Holiness ;
And in the name of Christ his Son,
Prepare your God to bless.
- 2 His Spirit seek, that by the same,
With rev'rence you may sing ;
And in a truly godly frame,
Strike ev'ry speaking string.
- 3 Advance his name, and praise him in:
His mighty acts always ;
Declare what he for man has done,
And sweetly sing his praise.
- 4 His praises with the noble sound
Of trumpets spread abroad ;
And with the violin proclaim
That Jesus is your God.
- 5 The tuneful harp divinely touch,
The joyful timbrel too,
Should join your thankful voice to tell,
Christ has redeemed you.
- 6 Breath you the flute, the organ blow
To your Creator's praise ;
Declare him your Redeemer too,
The Ancient he of days.
- 7 With well tun'd voices shout aloud,
Tell it abroad to all,
That God in Christ redeemed you,
Then strike the loud cymbol.

- 8 Whatever hath the benefit
Of breathing, praise the Lord ;
But those who're by God's Son redeem'd,
Join with most glad accord,
- 9 To praise God's great and holy name,
Most gratefully agree ;
The Father, Son, and Spirit blest,
The great eternal Three.
-

H Y M N XVI.

- 1 **B**Y Sharon's Rose divinely grac'd,
What joy is it I feel !
His fragrance doth perfume my breast,
May my poor lips reveal,
- 2 The holy joy refreshing sweet,
The guilty world don't know ;
They stray from the divine retreat
Where living waters flow.
-

H Y M N XVII.

- 1 **C**OME ye souls, by God redeem'd,
Join to sing your Saviour's praise ;
Nothing else is worth your song,
Then to him your voices raise.
In your Saviour see your God,
Who's redeem'd you with his blood.

2 Think

- 2 Think what love did fill his heart,
When on Calv'ry lifted high,
Man's fall'n race for to restore,
Th' manhood of your God did die;
See with thorns his head is crown'd;
See a spear his side doth wound.
 - 3 See his outstretch'd bleeding hands,
See his feet by nails how torn!
Peter has deny'd his Lord:
See the spectacle forlorn!
See, and let it pierce your heart,
As his side was pierc'd by th'dart.
 - 4 Sinner, think, thro' love of thee,
Jesus did resign to death;
And his Father's love as free,
Pleas'd saw Christ breathe his last breath
Father and the Son adore,
By the Spirit evermore.
-

H Y M N XVIII.

- 1 **C**OME let us rejoice and lift up our
voice,
Our Lord and our Saviour is risen again:
In hymns we'll adore and sing evermore,
Of prison and death he has brok'n the chain.
- 2 To Magdalene he, the much favour'd she,
Our blest Redeemer the first did appear:
In tears did she sow, in sorrow and woe,
In joy she did reap, for her Lord did her chear.

3 Appos-

3 Appoffle firft we by our Saviour do fee,
Appointed was Mary the tidings to tell;
That Chrift was arofe Conqu'ror o'er all foes.
Sin, sorrow, and fatan, the grave, death and
hell;

4 A woman him bore, then ye women adore,
And fing with the loudeft and sweeteft beft
note ::
In transgression the firft, of finners the
worft;
Yet the moft highly favour'd to him then
devote.

5 Devote your pure heart, made clean by his
fmart,
Your garments made white by the blood of
the Lamb;
Your voices devote with a warbling throat,
Sing God is your Saviour, and publifh his
fame.

H Y M N XIX.

A Morning Hymn.

1 **F**OR the sweet blessing of the light,
For the repose I've had to night,
A hymn of praise I'd sing
To him who hath me safely kept,
And watched o'er me while I slept,
My Saviour, God, and King.

2 Praise

- 2 Praise be to God for ev'ry good,
All is the purchase of Christ's blood;
To him doth praise belong :
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The great eternal Lord of host,
I'd sing my grateful song.
-

H Y M N XX.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 **E**TERNAL God who doth declare,
That thou my loving Father are,
To thee I now commend
Myself, O Lord, and all that's mine ;
Thou knowest, my God, that we are thine,
Creator, great art thou.
- 2 But by a tenderer name I call,
Redeemer, Saviour of us all ;
Before thy throne I bow :
Protect me, Lord, throughout the night,
And sweetly grant me inward light,
When sun-beams are withdrawn ;
Which opens ev'ry new blown flower,
Thou dost refresh with heav'nly show'r,
And glides the verdant lawn.
-

H Y M N XXI.

- 1 **R**OSE of Sharon is my Lord,
Fragrance sweet he doth afford
To refresh my fainting soul.
Balm of Gilead makes me whole.

2 Lily

- 2 Lily of the valley he,
Humbly bow'd his head to me,
Gentle Lamb who for me dy'd,
When God's Son was crucify'd :
Judah's Lion I him prove,
To defend those who him love.
-

H Y M N XXII.

- 1 **H**E comes ! he comes ! victorious
Jesus comes !
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums !
Breathe the fife, the hautboy sound,
Breathe his praises all around !
- 2 Conqu'ror of each foe, he comes,
Sin and death : Then beat the drums.
Crucify'd and buried he,
Ris'n again, our Lord we see :
- 3 See him mount the azure sky,
Cloud, the chariot, mounts him high,
See by faith Christ comes again,
And your faith will not prove vain.
-

H Y M N XXIII.

- 1 **N**OW that I'm going to lay down,
Repose my weary head ;
O let me meditate on him
Who for my sake has bled,

2. Like

2 Like him who for his murd'ers pray'd,
May I for all them pray,
Who me revile and persecute
May I with Jesus say,

3 Father, forgive them, Lord convert
My bitterest enemy;
And may they find, as I have done,
The Son of God did die,

4 To save their once lost soul from hell,
Heav'n for them to obtain;
Redemption purchased for us,
By agony of pain.

5 In peace, Lord, let me lay me down,
Find all my sin forgiv'n;
And if thou please, Christ grant to me,
A sweet foretaste of heav'n:

6 And in the Morn when I awake,
Prepare ~~my heart~~, I pray,
To do with ready hand and heart
The duty of the day.

7 My bread unto the hungry deal,
And cheer the drooping heart;
That be the language shall reveal,
That I, in Christ, have part.

me lord

F I N I S.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE foregoing HYMNS are published at a low price, as it is humbly hoped they may be of some refreshment to such as cannot well afford a higher.

As there are not many rich, nor many mighty called, but God has chiefly revealed himself, as manifested in Christ, to the poor of this world, rich in good works, it is supposed that those who are not rich in this world will be the chief purchasers of them.

May God accept the sincere intention of the writer to glorify his name, and benefit the reader ! and may a blessing attend them !

May we remember our Lord and Saviour, who has bid us learn of him, after supper sung a hymn : and has, by his apostle, ordered those who are sorrowful to pray, and any who are merry to sing Psalms.

May the sorrowful remember, that " those who sow in tears shall reap in joy ;" of which the person, whom the Lord has given to write these well-meant hymns, is a living witness.

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